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#6/12 ISSUES

Hi and welcome to the 30th issue of HTT. My God but there has been a lot of turmoil around the Ledbetter household! What with my wife in the hospital and my 3 year old staying sick, there has been little time for anything else. I'd even made up my mind that HTT was not going to see another issue (and wrote a few people telling them just that). However, as it now stands, HTT will continue for as long as possible. The schedule may suffer (especially when child #2 arrives in August), but I'll not just up and quit (right now anyway).

PLUGS R US--- TEMPLE OF S^{CH}LOCK (mentioned last time) has made rapid strides in just 3 issues and have upped their schedule to monthly. They always seem to cover a few Italo-video releases (which I always appreciate) and are branching out into obscure land. It's 50 cents an issue c/o Liz Wyatt P.O. Box 365, E. Syracuse, N.Y. 13057. Ol buddy Jeff Smith (now a regular contributor to FILMFAX) has issued forth WET PAINT #19. It contains reviews, a set report on the making of CANNIBAL HOOKERS, and an interview with producer Larry Franco. Subs are now \$10/4 issues and can be had from Jeff at 2106 Tradewinds Dr., #192, Mesquite, TX 75150. The best English language magazine covering the world of horror and schlock (in the film world at least) has to be SHOCK XPRESS from Great Britain. Write to Fantaco for details. QUIT PUTTING IT OFF AND DO IT!! Also from England comes IMAGINATOR. The first issue is out and features reviews of current films, an interesting article on militaristic tough guys, and what's on the tube. Well laid out and nicely printed. I recommend you write Ken Miller at Brands House, Kingshill Road, Four Ashes, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, HP13 5BB, England. WHEW!

The 25th issue of my favorite fanzine, SPAGHETTI CINEMA, has just been published. A nice cover by the prolific Jeff Smith gets the issue off to a good start. Editor William Connolly (a prince of a guy by the way since he prints my Italo/horror video reviews) is the main contributor this go-around. Career articles on Richard Harrison (a prolific actor who started making films during the muscleman days of Italian film production and has continued up to today) and everyone's favorite schlockmaster Joe D Amato round out the issue. \$20 for 5 issues to Bill Connolly, 6635 DeLongpre #4, Hollywood, CA 90028.

HORROR HOUSE ON HIGHWAY 5 (1985) SIMITAR VIDEO

Imagine a MAD magazine parody of slasher films, and you'll have some idea of what this film is like. Another in an endless flood of unreleased films ressurected for video. HORROR HOUSE's saving grace is the overall lunacy that permeates the atmosphere.

The film opens in the old standby shot, filmed from the killer's POV (point of view). A young girl is slashed to death by a killer in a Richard Nixon mask (the actor essaying the role is credited as Ronald Reagan). Before she is killed, in a desperate attempt to defend herself, a women shoves her face through a glass table to obtain a shard of glass to use as a weapon. A rather drastic measure if you ask me. This totally pointless killing seques to the actual plot of this film. Three college students (all looking to be in their late twenties) are supposed to construct a V-2 rocket for a term project (I know, I know). One student (Sally) is sent out to interview an acquaintance of the V-2 inventor (Frederick K Bartholomew), Dr. Marbuse. Marbuse passes on such interesting tidbits as the fact that Bartholomew was an ex-Nazi who disappeared in 1956. Meanwhile, the other two students head out to the doctor's old haunts (the aforementioned House on Highway Five) where they begin constructing the rocket.

Sally soon discovers the insane Dr. Marbuse plans on using her to bring the elderly doctor Bartholomew back to life. She along with many more are killed before we discover that the Nixonian masked killer is really Frederick Barthlomew (which makes absolutely no sense plotwise). Why he's killing everyone is never explained nor is Dr. Marbuse's ignorance of his reappearance.

Amidst all the stupidity, the film still manages to elicit a few chuckles. Phil Therrien as Dr. Marbuse, plays his part hilariously over the top. He berates his dimwitted assistant for kidnapping the wrong student ("Are you fucking blind or what?") and complains of mind maggots. Another gem of dialogue involves a young woman who, when fed up with her date's machoness remarks, "Hey Joe, eat shit and drop dead." Worth a look if you're in a particularly masochistic mood.

THE DEMONS (1972) VIDEO CITY PRODUCTIONS DIRECTED BY JESUS FRANCO

Jesus Franco. I love him, I hate him. I can't live without him. I've seen a number of his films and there's always something to be found in everyone of them to make it worth the effort. As more and more of his films gain exposure (New World Video just released his latest, ANGEL OF DEATH, again starring Howard Vernon) perhaps a comprehensive overview of his career will finally be attempted.

THE DEMONS falls into THE MARK OF THE DEVIL and WITCHFINDER GENERAL genre where instances of torture are interspersed with lots of gratuitous nudity. In fact, at the drop of a hat women

disrobe and are either raped or seduced as rock music (in the 17th century?) blares on the soundtrack. The plot of this film is encumbered with numerous characters and subplots, some of which are dropped midstream never to be heard of again. The storyline involves two sisters whom are nuns at the castle of Blackmoor. It turns out their mother was a witch and she uses the latent powers of one of her daughters to gain revenge on the ones who had her burned at the stake.

What would a Jesus Franco film be without Howard Vernon? He's around to provide the acting talent (and thank God, he doesn't do any nude scenes) while most of the females in the cast provide the skin(which is the only selling point to this film). Surprisingly, torture is not overtly depicted and the dubbing is responsible for at least one classic line, "A woman's weeping is like a melodious modulation." Poor transfer of the widescreen process doesn't help nor does the washed out color. Worth a look for Franco completist (though he uses the pseudonym Clifford Brown here) but not anyone else.

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BOG (1978) PRISM VIDEO
DIRECTED BY DON KEESLAR

It's popular to compare films made by another studio with the Disney studio. For example, E.T. has been hailed as the best film Disney NEVER made. Here we have a film that could be described as a Disney version of HUMANIDS FROM THE DEEP. Have you ever noticed how horror and SF films are havens for out of work has beens and alcoholic actors? Well BOG contains both in its boring attempt at being a monster movie.

The plot involves a creature whose sleep has been disturbed at the bottom of a Bog. It immediately begins wiping out tourists and residents alike. Meanwhile, three actors who should know better: Aldo Ray (sheriff), Marshall Thompson (doctor), and Gloria DeHaven (doctor) put their heads together in an attempt to kill the monster. The running subplot is that the creature must try and mate with human females to produce future offspring. Fortunately since the actresses are either ugly as sin or pushing retirement depiction of this activity is offscreen. The creature falls victim to a car wreck as THE END? flashes across the screen.

Special mention must go to the protracted love scene between Thompson and deHaven. I was afraid for a moment it was going to degenerate into a senior citizen porno film, but fortunately the screen the goes black before any further damage is done to their careers. Also the editing of this film contains one of the most inept devices I've seen to smooth out changes in scenes. To try and make the jump cuts less jarring, the final shot of the scene is actually freeze framed before going onto the next one. I call it visual stutter for lack of a better term.

Don't waste your time.

MORE PLUGS----- Dracula #7 is out and it's the best one yet. Kris Gilpin interviews Sean Cunningham and writes an article on John Waters. Donald Farmer interviews Camille Keaton. Hugh Gallagher interviews Tim Ritter of TRUTH OR DARE fame and also low budget filmmakers in Pittsburgh. Letters, an article on Carmilla films, and pics of nekkid women round out the issue. Send \$3.25 to Hugh Gallagher, P.O.Box 115, Moro, IL 62067. Yet another newsletter has joined the ranks. THE SHOCK REVIEW is written by Tom Stockman and illustrated by Paul Cunard. Issue #2 is 6 pages and reminded me of the late lamented DEAD ON ARRIVAL by Jeff Queen (anyone who remembers that zine knows this is high praise indeed). Tom pulls no punches as he reviews the latest in cinema and video. To give you an example of what you're missing I'll quote from his review of SPOOKIES, "The thought that this mini-classic played in town a mere week while Molly Ringwald turds stink up screens months on end makes me want to kill Jeffrey Lyons." Or how about this succinct comment on THE BLUE MONKEY, "Who farted?"

Tom also lists 13 Paul Naschy films available on video (he only missed a few) and joins the rest of us in praising BLOOD FREAK (see HTT 21). It's bi-monthly and available from Tom for \$4/yr. Send to Tom at 1435 Sproule, St. Louis, MO 63139. Next up is VIDEO VOICE which covers "what's new and unusual in the Oberlin area video." It's the brainchild of Timothy Paxton. Each issue is jammed packed (12 pages) with reviews of films (STRAIGHT TO HELL, THE BELIEVERS, THE GATE, CHOPPING MALL, BARRY LYNDON, kid vids and animation, OUTERLIMITS, ETC), an interview with two local horror film TV hosts, and other goodies. Perceptive comments from Timothy helps set this one above the pack. 10 issues per year and though Tim doesn't list a price send him at least 50 cents for a sample to: MPO Box 67, Oberlin, Ohio 44074-0067. You'll be glad you did.

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HERE KNOW THE NEWS****Prism has SHALLOW GRAVE set for a Feb. 16th release. Four nubile and highly slashable women are on their way to Ft. Lauderdale when they realize they are in a stinker of a movie. Too late for them but not you dear reader.****2069 A SEX ODYSSEY is available Feb. 4 on Academy Home Video. Moron filmmakers shoot their wad in this film's title. The rest of us know better. ADIOS.

HI-TECH TERRORS #3

SO CRAIG -
WE HEAR YOU DON'T
LIKE OUR
MOVIES....

